

Rise of the Brave Tangled Dragons

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-04-13 05:47:15

Updated: 2013-04-16 01:45:52

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:53:30

Rating: K

Chapters: 4

Words: 2,691

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: 4 extraordinary teenagers will assemble to confront the wrath of evil that is consuming their world. Will they survive the battle? Will they destroy each other? Join our 4 heroes as they rise up to their vile enemies. THE IMAGE IS NOT MINE- BELONGS TO ASAMESHII ON DEVIANTART.

1. Unaccustomed Brightness

CHAPTER ONE

UNACCUSTOMED BRIGHTNESS

Hiccup raced through the village, shoveling bread down his throat, not bothering to thoroughly chew. The earth beneath his bare feet was concealed under a blanket of white snow that sent chills through his entire body. He shivered violently, but endured the frigid air and proceeded to his destination. He was always concerned about poor Toothless, being forced to hide away in complete isolation. But on this particular day he was much more worried, for fate may not spare Toothless in this dreadful blizzard.

Snow was pouring from the sky. The unaccustomed brightness of the infinite white sea before him stung his eyes. Still Hiccup tread on as briskly as he possibly could without bursting a lung.

"Oi! You! Boy!" Hiccup halted and searched for the owner of the voice.

"O'er here!" He spun his head to the right, where the cry seemed to be from and saw the silhouette of a tall, bulky man.

"Come 'ere!" The man shouted over the roar of the storm. Hiccup was beginning to sink into the deep layer beneath him.

"I can't!" He shouted, and his voice was abundantly more high-pitched

than the man's. "I have to do something important!"

"No! You must come inside! You'll get yerself buried alive in this abominable downpour!" Hiccup was willing to take the risk. If he turned back now, there was no doubt that Toothless would not make it.

As he scrambled on the flakes were no longer flakes, but they were microscopic daggers being thrown towards him. They scraped across his face and left stinging cuts. He imagined what Toothless must be doing. Howling in pain and freezing to death. The frightening image caused Hiccup to accelerate in speed.

Before long he found his way to the hidden arc alongside the mountain and ducked through it, admittedly quite anxious to find what was on the other side.

"Toothless!" He called immediately with his hands cupped around his chapped purple lips. He scanned the area and finally spotted the dragon. He sat behind a bush facing the rigid stone wall with his wings wrapped around his body in attempt to preserve heat. Hiccup leaped over to him and ran his fingers down his freezing spine.

"You okay, buddy?" He asked, his breathing heavy and chest tight. A rumble came from Toothless's throat, for that was the only noise his body was able to project at the moment.

"It's okay," Hiccup assured both the dragon and himself. "We'll get out of here soon. We'll be warm." He imagined himself curled up with a moth-eaten blanket near the fireplace with a mug of steaming tea. He imagined Toothless being there, lying with him, nuzzling his nose into Hiccup's neck.

"What exactly are you doing?" The voice startled Hiccup. He jumped and lashed his head back and forth in panic. Even Toothless had responded to the unwelcome visitor, his face was no longer buried in his wings but was facing in the opposite direction, his bright green eyes narrowed. How had somebody discovered their hideout?

"Who's there?!" Hiccup bellowed.

Without hesitation Jack spilled from the tree, landing on his feet much like a cat. He stared at the amazing sight before him, a _dragon_!

"The name's Jack Frost," he informed, strutting towards the two proudly. "And I believe that I asked you a question first, pal." He nudged Hiccup's shoulder playfully.

"What am I... well, I'm saving my dragon!" Hiccup explained, and for some reason this stranger was irritating. He was nothing like Hiccup had ever seen in the village, or anywhere for that matter. His hair was gleaming white and messy, his clothes only an ice blue hoodie and beige pants that were baggy on his knees. He carried a wooden staff that was crooked at the top.

"Now if you'll be so kind as to excuse me," Hiccup dismissed himself through gritted teeth. Jack laughed.

"Don't tell me you're planning on trudging all the way back through

that snow!" He asked, still chortling. "You'll never make it! You're already weak enough as it is." Hiccup ignored him and continued to aid Toothless in defrosting his wings.

"Let me help you," Jack offered. Hiccup scoffed.

"Uhm, yeah, no thank you," he denied. Jack rolled his eyes and watched as the dragon struggled to waddle towards his owner.

"Come on, it's the least I can do. I'm the one who caused this storm, after all." Hiccup stared at Jack.

This guy is crazy! He thought.

"You 're telling me that you _caused_ this blizzard?" Hiccup repeated. "Whatever. Humans can't control the weather. Why don't you head on back to the nut house?" Jack laughed. Why was he laughing?

You're not supposed to laugh when you're being mocked!

"Well, you see, I'm not exactly 'human'." Hiccup couldn't take much more of this nonsense. He needed heat, and quickly.

"Well then what exactly are you?" He asked, becoming impatient.

"I'm a Guardian," Jack exclaimed, motioning to his staff. "A Guardian of fun!" Hiccup had heard of the Guardians before, but only in legends and storybooks. He thought that the concept was only a tale and nothing more. How wrong he was.

"So," Jack began, running his thin fingers through his hair. "What do you say we have some fun?"

2. Fate's Design

CHAPTER TWO

FATE'S DESIGN

The air was quite more bitter as the dragon elevated, but Jack had been correct. This mean of transportation was in fact much swifter than on foot and more fun than Hiccup cared to admit. Toothless's wingspan was equivalent to the length of a football field as he soared through the chilling sky. Hiccup gripped Toothless tightly as they hurdled through the stratus clouds, with the wind blasting roughly against their bodies.

Jack flew along beside them, but he was not riding a dragon. Instead he simply flew by himself, the wind carrying him in the direction that he chose. Unlike the Guardian, Hiccup was not by any means enjoying himself. He was in constant worry, worrying of what punishment would meet him when he landed in the village atop a dragon_. Why, his father would disinherit him! He would be forced into exile while his best friend was slayed.

"Jack," Hiccup called over the fierce rushes, "I cannot return to my village!" Jack did not respond but only nodded. He then dipped to the left and ducked beneath a cumulonimbus, the stray strands of his

gleaming hair dancing through it. Without permission from his rider, Toothless spun sharply and followed the boy. Hiccup wailed in shock as his body was thrown backwards and nearly propelled off of the beast.

"Where are you leading us?!" Hiccup clamored. Jack was a ways ahead, flying stomach-down and somewhat resembling Peter Pan.

"Corona!" Jack bellowed. Corona? Where in the world was _Corona?_ He had no choice but to wait and discover for himself.

Rapunzel lived under just three rules her entire life.

She was never to cut her hair. _Ever_.

She was never to leave her tower.

She was never to ask why these were rules.

So, as result of these commands, her hair had managed to extend to an inconvenient 72 feet, she had never placed even a toe on the earth's surface, and she had no idea why her hair was so long and why the outside world was forbidden from her.

Long ago Corona had heard rumor of an extraordinary flower grown from a drop of sunlight. The kingdom people had no idea where this flower might be located, but they knew that they must be the ones to retrieve it, for the beholder would gain astounding power that was unimaginable. But soon, while pregnant with her first daughter, the queen became suddenly ill. It was predicted that her condition would cause a tragic and fatal end. The castle knights set out to fetch this plant, in hopes that it would heal their queen.

"Flower gleam and glow..." The woman's voice was hoarse and displayed old age. Her dark hood concealed her graying hair and fading eyes.

"...Let your powers shine,

Make the clock reverse,

Bring back what once was mine.

Heal what has been hurt,

Change the fates design,

Save what has been lost,

Bring back what once was mine,

What once was mine."

As her song came to an end the flower, cupped around her thin and crooked fingers, emitted a blazing golden light, as bright as the sun itself. Her lines of age sunk into her flesh and skin became less raggedy looking. Her hair bounced into it's familiar ringlets and gray faded to black. The spell had reversed time for this particular witch alone, and in her planted an abundance of greed. She smiled wickedly at her actions and briskly placed a woven basket over her

treasure, then disappeared into the shadows of night.

This is the flower that saved the mother and her daughter. This is why Rapunzel's miraculous hair was able to decrease age and heal wounds. This is how Rapunzel was capable of saving the Guardian of fun, Jack Frost.

3. Sewing Needles

CHAPTER THREE

SEWING NEEDLES

Jack sprinted through the forest, ducking beneath branches and hurdling over fallen oaks. Chasing after him was a shadow, a shadow of peer malevolence which he could not escape. Especially not during this encounter, for his path was reaching it's end.

"Wind!" He called, pleading. Wind was his only hope now. The shadow cackled wickedly at Jack's folly attempts to climb the jagged mountainside.

"Give up now, Jack," it suggested. The voice was smooth and flowed like a babbling stream. It echoed throughout Jack's head as if it were his own brain speaking, causing him to shudder in resentment.

"No!" He refused. Considering the situation, the voice was likely correct. Not only had his escape come to an end, but his days as well. However, he would not fall back so easily. Not only to preserve his life, but the hopes, dreams, and imaginations of children most essentially.

With a strong pound of his staff against the earth, a wave of ice flew forth toward the villan, but no injury was inflicted for the shadow had miraculously vanished.

"Show yourself, Pitch!" Jack demanded rather bravely. "That is unless you're afraid." Then suddenly he emerged from behind a standing willow, atop a horrendously provoked Nightmare.

"Oh, I'm not frightened Jack," he lied. "But you are."

. Rapunzel was perched atop her windowsill with her bare feet dangling over the edge. She tried to imagine what the grass below her felt like. Was it soft and damp like a sponge? Was it sharp like her sewing needles? Would she ever know?

These were the thoughts racing through her cluttered mind when the boy appeared. He was thrown backward through the veil of thick leaves and landed roughly on his spine. Jack lay there motionless, welcoming death, who was gradually approaching him. Rapunzel watched in horror as thick black clouds enclosed around the stranger, extracting from him wails of pain. Alarmed, she nearly toppled down to the surface. Fear enveloped around her, though she did not know why. Questions then began flooding her head. Who was this boy? Why was he being attacked? How did he find her?

Before she had gathered herself enough to react, a surge of energy

emitted from the tip of Jack's deformed staff, thoroughly freezing the clouds surrounding him in midair. The frozen ring blast apart into an immense amount of shards, scattering about around him. Jack stumbled in place and appeared as though he were about to vomit. Instead he collapsed to the ground, and he was once again motionless.

Rapunzel felt helpless in her tower. How could she just leave this boy to perish? The answer was clear; she could not.

4. Adrenaline

CHAPTER FOUR

ADRENALINE

Since that day long ago Rapunzel had not forgotten the texture of the the overgrown grass beneath the soles of her feet. She had not forgotten the first breath of pure air that emitted from the surrounding pines, or the sudden rush of adrenaline as she ascended from her tower. Most of all she remembered Jack Frost, the boy who's wounds she had mended. It was difficult now to escape the repetitive nightmares that claimed her mind in her slumber, and the overwhelming fear upon her was constant. She longed to encounter the boy once more to receive answers to her myriad questions.

Hiccup was also seeking answers. Toothless landed as Jack did, in a broad glade surrounded by the lush hills of Corona. Sunlight poured through the clearing and drenched the dragon and his rider in warmth.

"Why did you bring us here?" Hiccup demanded. "Why here, of all places?" Annoyed, Jack rolled his eyes.

"Calm down! I'm not going to murder you," he promised. "Corona is the nearest location outside of Berk that isn't overlaid with snow."

"Why did you create that storm in the first place?" Hiccup wondered aloud. He glanced to Toothless, who was rolling on his scaled spine in a dried patch of yellow grass.

"I was angry," Jack explained, and he said this somewhat awkwardly, shrugging his shoulder blades and gazing at his unkempt toenails. "I was thinking...got angry...next thing I know, blizzard!"

_Oh yes, _Hiccup thought sarcastically, _that's a perfect excuse!

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"I was thinking about this," he admitted, trailing his slender fingers gently down the trunk of a willow tree. "That's why I came here." Hiccup clenched his fists tightly, tearing at his own flesh.

"That's why you nearly killed us," he implied through gritted teeth, infuriated. "We could have died because of a _tree_?" Jack observed his hand, which was rested on the willow. He then burst into hysterical laughter, alarming some birds and sending them fluttering from their nests, squawking. Toothless leaped in attempt to capture

one in his jaw, but failed and huffed, unsatisfied, when he was once again earthbound.

"Don't be stupid," Jack insisted, gripping his ribcage. "Follow me, I'll show you what you almost died for. And trust me, it's worth it." Hiccup obediently followed, bending to the dirt to avoid his back scraping against the roof of the stout tunnel. It was well hidden, it appeared to be a boulder overgrown with moss and entangled vines. Jack trembled as he recalled the event; Pitch had sent him careening into what he believed was the side of the mountain, fortunately to fly through the veil of dangling leaves.

The tower valley was mesmerizing. Hiccup stared in awe with mouth agape at the alluring landscape. The tower appeared to stand in a deep circular crater, with a waterfall pouring softly into a stream below. The wind blew slightly, bearing with it mists from the fall, which settled on Hiccup's skin. It was difficult to even notice the tall stone keep in the midst of it all.

"Wow, this is pretty amazing," Hiccup admitted. Jack grinned, revealing his effulgent teeth.

"Just wait until you see the girl," he told him. Rapunzel was not expecting any visitors that morning, or any other morning for that matter.

"So this made you mad?" Hiccup asked. "What, are you like one of those architecture haters or something?" Jack chuckled, and he did so in the kind of voice that makes you want to hold him, to rest your ear upon his chest and savor the warmth of his cotton hoodie on your flushed cheek and feel his throat vibrate against your skin.

"I wouldn't say 'hater'," he began, "more like 'strongly against'." Hiccup could not resist laughing. He was beginning to enjoy the company of Jack Frost. He had lived up to his title nevertheless; he truly was fun.

"No, I was cross about the girl, Rapunzel. She saved my life you see, and I simply thanked her and just left. I feel like I owe her something, you know?" Hiccup did know. His life had been rescued on multiple occasions throughout his rather clumsy life.

"Well," Hiccup said, "she'd better be seriously hot, because I'm a billion miles away from home and was almost frozen into an ice cube because of her."

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